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Two Books by Officers of Napoleon *

TWO BOOKS by officers of Napoleon have made their appearance at practically the same time, though independently of each other as to editor, translator and publisher. Perhaps no better idea of the magnitude of the genius of this greatest of modern soldiers can be obtained than through the medium of these volumes, although he appears as the chief actor in neither.

Marshal Macdonald was born at Sedan in 1765, and died in 1840, after an eventful and honorable career. The death of his third wife, in 1825, caused him the deepest sorrow, and to occupy his mind, as well as to leave an account of his life for his only son, then an infant, he wrote his 'Recollections' (1), prefacing them by the statement that they were not for the public, and were not intended for the light of day. Yet sixty-five years afterwards, and more than fifty after the Marshal's death, his grand-daughter has thought that, 'in the interest and for the advantage of history, as well as for the reputation and fame of her ancestor, the moment has come to lift the veil which, until now, has covered these "Recollections."' She has therefore entrusted them to the editorship of a distinguished man-of-letters and member of the French Academy.

As to the 'interest and advantage of history,' it is inconceivable that a book written entirely from memory, and not even re-read by its author, can ever be of great value. The editor's introduction, covering 111 pages, contains a complete summary of the 'Recollections.' This leads to the repetition of many passages of which one reading should be quite sufficient. In fact, after the thorough abstract found in this introduction, little of additional interest appears in the succeeding pages. The editor finds the Marshal's writings 'impregnated with sincerity,' and 'breathing forth truth like a refreshing perfume.' 'On no occasion, nor in any presence, did Macdonald conceal his thoughts, even when with the greatest of men, with Napoleon as with Louis XVIII.' The unprejudiced reader will be struck by one characteristic even more prominent than outspokenness—namely, egotism. Few writers have shown this in a higher degree. Yet it does not appear, even from his own account, that he was of extraordinary military capacity. As a general he was only moderately successful; and De Marbot tells us that after Wagram, where the services of Macdonald, Oudinot and Marmont had been rewarded with the Marshal's baton, 'it was held in the army that the Emperor, not being able to replace Lannes, mortally wounded at Aspern, wanted to get small change for him—a severe judgment, but we must remember that these three marshals played an unlucky part in the campaigns which ended in the fall of Napoleon and the ruin of the country.' The slurs cast by Macdonald upon the physical courage of the Emperor are undignified; and, even if true, what is stated might better have been suppressed by one who claimed to feel the loyalty he showed. His accounts of battles are none too clear.

This seems to arise from the fact that he always imagined himself the central figure, and was thus led to give undue weight to events of minor importance. Yet in describing the battle of the Katzbach, where he commanded the several French corps engaged, and was defeated through his own errors, he departs from his usual 'outspokenness' to such a degree that no one can gather the facts of the case from his meagre description. The book is interesting from the insight it gives into the character of one of Napoleon's marshals. It is of little importance as a military work, and is of even less historical value. It is handsomely illustrated, and the type is so large and clear that one's eyes are rested in the reading. On page 114, Macdonald's birthplace is erroneously given as Sancerre.

Gen. De Marbot, the author of the second volume (2), was enlisted by his father in a hussar regiment, in September, 1799. Although but seventeen years old, he won his commission as sub-lieutenant within three months, and took part as an officer in all the noted campaigns of the next fifteen years. As aide-de-camp successively to Augereau, Murat, Lannes and Masséna, he was in a position to get a broad view of the progress of events, and being of superior military capacity, the expression of these views is entitled to the greater respect. During the Russian campaign, De Marbot served as colonel of chasseurs, and his care of his regiment and the good service it rendered won him much praise from Napoleon.

This book is considered one of the most interesting and important that have been published in a generation. For military men, especially cavalry officers, and for all who are interested in Napoleon's campaigns and the history of his times, it is of the greatest value. No work of fiction could be more fascinating than these 'Memoirs' of De Marbot, whose stories of the daring deeds of himself and his companions in arms are as romantic and exciting as any of the adventures of the 'Three Guardsmen.' They are, moreover, told in an inimitable way. His accounts of battles are of increased value from the fact that he omits the unimportant details amid which the salient features are usually buried in such descriptions. The sketches of Augereau, Lannes and Masséna by one who was thrown so intimately in contact with them are of intense interest. Interesting traits of character of other marshals are also mentioned, among the most curious being Saint-Cyr's predilection for the fiddle and his dislike to assist a superior officer with his advice. Thus at Polotsk, where Saint-Cyr, then a general, was under the command of Oudinot, De Marbot tells us:—'While the slaughter thus swayed to and fro Saint-Cyr followed Oudinot in silence, and whenever his opinion was asked, he merely bowed and said, "My lord marshal!" As though he would say:—"As they have made you a marshal, you must know more about the matter than a mere general like me; get out of it as best you can."' Oudinot being wounded shortly afterwards turned over the command to Saint-Cyr and left the field. The army was in a most alarming situation. Saint-Cyr's firm hand soon restored order and he shortly won a decided victory. 'Anyone but Saint-Cyr,' says De Marbot, 'after such heavy fighting, would have reviewed his troops, complimented them on their courage, and inquired into their wants; but that was not his way. The last shot had hardly been fired when Saint-Cyr went and shut himself in the Jesuit Convent, where he spent all his days and part of his nights in—what do you suppose? Playing the fiddle! This was his master passion, and nothing but the necessity of marching against the enemy could draw him from it.'

Marshal Masséna having injured his leg by a fall from his horse at Loban, used a carriage at the battle of Wagram; and as he used his own horses in the carriage, his coachman and postilion declared it was their business to drive. Nothing seemed to frighten these two faithful attendants. Even the Emperor complimented them, and observed once to Masséna that of the 300,000 combatants on the field, the

* 1. *Recollections of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.* Edited by Camille Rouzet. Tr. by Stephen Louis Simson. 2 vols. 8vo. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
2. *Memoirs of Baron De Marbot.* Tr. by Arthur John Butler. 2 vols. 86. Longmans, Green & Co.

coachman and postilion were the two bravest, for all the others were there in pursuance of duty, while these two men might have excused themselves from being exposed to death. Masséna was grateful to them and in speaking of their conduct to his aide, De Marbot, said he was going to give each of them 400 francs. 'Then turning to me,' says De Marbot, 'he had the face to ask if the two men would not be pleased? I had better have held my tongue, or merely suggested a rather higher sum; but I made the mistake of speaking too plainly and mischievously into the bargain. I knew perfectly well that Masséna only intended to give them 400 francs down; but I answered that with a pension of 400 francs added to their savings, the coachman and postilion would be secured from want in their old age. The eyes of a tigress who sees her young attacked by the hunter are not more terrible than were Masséna's on hearing me speak thus. He leapt from his chair, exclaiming: 'Wretch! do you want to ruin me? What! an annuity of 400 francs? No, no, no: 400 francs once for all!' Masséna ended, however, by giving the annuity; but he always bore De Marbot a grudge for having suggested it. The avarice of Masséna was in marked contrast to the generosity of Augereau, of which the following account is given:—

After his elevation to the Consulate, Gen. Bonaparte formed a numerous guard, the infantry of which he placed under the command of Gen. Lannes. He, though a most distinguished soldier, had no idea of administration; so, instead of keeping to the established rate for the purchase of cloth, linen and such-like, thought that nothing could be good enough for his men. Consequently, the officials of the clothing department, delighted at being able to deal with the purveyors by private contract in order to obtain their commissions, and further, thinking that the name of Gen. Lannes, friend of the First Consul, would cover any amount of plundering, designed the uniforms in such luxurious style that when it came to paying the bills, they were found to be 300,000 francs in excess of the sum allowed by the official regulations. The First Consul, fond as he was of Lannes, declared him responsible for the deficit and allowed him only eight days to pay the sum into the regimental chest, under pain of being brought before a court-martial. Lannes found it impossible to pay; but Augereau, learning of his friend's awkward position, hurried to his solicitor, got 300,000 francs, and told his secretary to pay them in the name of Gen. Lannes into the regimental chest of the Guard.

Augereau once loaned Bernadotte, with whom he was not on very intimate terms, 200,000 francs for five years. Mme. Bernadotte asked what interest he would require. 'Madam,' answered Augereau, 'bankers and money-lenders, no doubt quite rightly, draw profit from the money which they lend; but when a marshal is fortunate enough to be able to oblige a comrade, the pleasure of doing him a service is interest enough for him.' 'That was the man,' adds De Marbot, 'who has been represented as hard and grasping.'

The author thinks the downfall of Napoleon was largely due to the jealousy existing among his marshals. This feeling was so strong that one marshal would decline to come to the support of another, when the Emperor was not at hand to give the necessary orders. Instances are cited where this unfortunate jealousy led to disaster. Napoleon always manifested an interest in De Marbot, and being pleased with some critical remarks of the latter on Gen. Rogiat's 'Considerations on the Art of War' in which it was asserted that, at Essling, Napoleon fell thoughtlessly into a trap set by the Archduke, left him a legacy of 100,000 francs, adding in his will:—'I bid Col. Marbot continue to write in defense of the glories of the French armies, and to the confusion of calumniators and apostates.'

There are two portraits of the author and nine maps. It is unfortunate that there are so many typographical errors in a book otherwise so attractive. On page 430, Vol. I., the author is made to say:—'Under pain of being driven into the river, we had to keep up the *fight* for the rest of the day.' The substitution of *fight* for the italicized word relieves the present absurdity of the sentence. The punctuation near the top of the same page is unsatisfactory. In Vol. II., p. 254, the French general Gourion Saint-Cyr is referred to:

this general's Christian name was Gouzion. On the following page 'regiment' is used in the singular when the plural is intended. Other mistakes of a similar nature occur.

Dr. Hill's Edition of Johnson's Letters *

DR. HILL is already known by his scholarly edition of Boswell's 'Life,' to which the two elegant volumes before us, printed in the best style of the Clarendon Press, are a valuable supplement. Johnson, though he fancied that he wrote letters 'with more difficulty than some other people who write nothing but letters' (to quote what he told Dr. Taylor in 1756), was by no means inexperienced in this line of composition. Dr. Hill enumerates more than a thousand letters from his pen, all of which are included in the present compilation, with the exception of those already printed in the 'Life' and merely referred to here in their chronological order.

Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale are more than three hundred in number. When he was absent from Streatham he longed for news, and if he did not get it promptly and regularly he complained. Once when three days had passed without a letter, he began to worry; on the next day he wrote:—'If I have not a little something from you to-day, I shall think something very calamitous has befallen us'; and on the next he says:—'I grieve and wonder and hope and fear about my dear friend at Streatham.' Fortunately, on the afternoon of the same day he is comforted by the receipt of the epistle he has longed for. Mrs. Thrale's letters were light and gossiping; filled with the 'tattle' which he tells her that he enjoys; and in this he seems to be honest; for he did not seek correspondence with his many eminent friends. 'He neglected the members of his famous club, a set of men who, he maintained, were sufficient worthily to fill all the chairs of a university; so far as we know, he did not write a single letter to Edmund Burke.' To the Rev. Dr. Taylor, 'a hearty English squire with the parson superinduced,' he wrote more than a hundred. His old playmate, Edmund Hector, the Birmingham surgeon, was another person with whom he kept up a frequent correspondence.

Though Dr. Hill has catalogued and copied so many of Johnson's letters, the Doctor must have penned many that have not been preserved, or at least have not as yet been discovered. Of four years (1745-48) not a single epistle appears in this collection; and of 1760 only two have been found. Of the whole number given by Dr. Hill nearly a hundred are printed for the first time. He has made extremely careful and diligent search for others, and has got track of some that he has not been allowed to copy; as, for instance, twenty addressed to Mr. Perkins of Southwark, which were sold for 81*l.* by Sotheby in July, 1889. Perkins was the superintendent of Thrale's brewery, and became a partner in the concern after his master's death.

Dr. Hill's notes on the correspondence are very full, and furnish much curious and entertaining matter. The annotation is specially extensive in the case of the letters published by Mrs. Piozzi, in which Johnson touched on a much greater variety of persons and subjects than in the other letters. They abound also in quotations and literary allusions, which are very rare in the rest of his correspondence. These are generally explained in the notes, though the editor has to confess that some of them have baffled all his attempts to elucidate them.

On the whole the letters throw much light on the life of the man, and give us a higher estimate of his versatility. In some of them, particularly in those to Mrs. Thrale, we recognize a playfulness and lightness of touch which do not appear in his formal writings and which we might not suspect that he possessed.

We are gratified to learn that Dr. Hill intends to add a new edition of the 'Lives of the Poets' to what he has al-

* Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Collected and Edited by George Birkbeck, D.C.L. 2 vols. 7*l.* 5*s.* Harper & Bros.

ready done for Johnson. That it will be well done goes without saying.

Charles Sumner*

IN THE LIST of elect writers of the series of *Makers of America*, we find the name of but one woman—the author of the life of Charles Sumner, now under review. As we close the book which we have so much enjoyed, we can only say, in Lemuel's words, 'Let her own works praise her in the gates.' Alongside of the other volumes in the series thus far published, Miss Dawes's book may stand without fear of frown from the best, while to our eyes, if we interpret aright, it distinctly rebukes by its neatness the literary slovenliness of two or three of them. With special advantages of personal knowledge, keen insight, wide grasp of political principles and trained literary powers, this daughter of a Massachusetts Senator has used well her varied abilities in limning a picture in words of her father's immediate predecessor in the American States-General at Washington.

Sumner was the oldest of nine children, and with his twin sister was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. In 1866, only Charles and his youngest sister were left. His student life was passed at the Boston schools, including the public Latin School, and at Harvard. He was always a correct and studious boy, never sowing wild oats, apparently without any sense of humor, and fond of overloading his intellectual receptacle with vast quantities of more or less digested learning. He studied law, travelled in Europe, edited law-books, consorted with choice spirits whose names are national, held the key to the social penetralia of Boston; but not until July 4, 1845, did he really enter upon his life's career. On that day, when thirty-four years old, he delivered his oration on 'The True Grandeur of Nations.' To this masterpiece he gives the first place in his collected works. In militant sword-holding Massachusetts, in the city whose Common was the scene of the first duel fought in America, Sumner preached peace in the face of war. In 1847 he broke away from the Whigs, and stepped into the ranks of the Free-Soil party, and faced the ostracism of the Brahmins and numerous other people of caste in his beloved city. He brought into the despised ranks of the 'black Republicans' an element of academic distinction sadly needed. He made all roads lead to Rome, and Cato-like, ended every speech or lecture with a menace or prophesy against the black Carthage of slavery. Yet to the end of his days, he was an aristocrat, not a democrat. His tastes were one way, his convictions another. Yet he was not a man of sympathy. No black man ever entered into his feelings, nor ever won from him personal liking such as was often found south of Mason and Dixon's line, even between master and bond-servant. He was a friend, not a brother, of the imported African. He was an intense New Englander, but by no means a typical American. Built on the narrow and lofty lines of the Puritan model, he was defective in those broadly human traits which so distinguished Lincoln.

Miss Dawes gives a picture, full of color and pulsing with life, of the state of opinion and ways of action in the days of slavery. She then minutely but brilliantly traces the career of Sumner in the Senate. His moral earnestness, his splendid courage, his persistence, his part in the war, in foreign relations, in emancipation and in reconstruction are all finely portrayed. With a woman's eye for matters not usually noticed by men, she makes a wonderfully vivid story, while in every chapter the man is photographed to the life. That most unfortunate lack of the sense of humor—like the unbaptized heel of Achilles, or the leaf-fenced spot on the back of Siegfried when bathed in the dragon's blood, made the weak spot in Sumner. Had he possessed it, he would have saved himself sorrow upon sorrow. Unable to know how men of other minds and temperaments thought and

felt, lacking in insight and sympathy with men of broad humanity, he could not understand Grant, and he was by him wounded and humiliated. Miss Dawes throws much light upon the recall of Motley, and takes, as we believe, the true view of the case, thus giving the side left in shadow by Dr. Holmes's biographical monograph. Very fascinating are the chapters on Sumner's personal characteristics and home life. The marriage of this bachelor of fifty-seven to the society belle of twenty-seven and their separation after a few months followed by a divorce six years later are passed over in four pages. The end of the story of sixty-three years is sad. 'A child of New England and a product of her traditions, he was a citizen of the world.' Pure and noble a patriot as he undoubtedly was, his limitations were very striking, and certain necessary parts of a complete human character glared by their absence. To the present generation, and probably to future readers of our national history, his name will shine as that of a Massachusetts man, rather than a typical American. Are our American ideals of men and things enlarging?

The Colors and Markings of Animals*

THE INFLUENCE of natural selection on the coloration of animals has been so exaggerated that there is hardly a peculiarity of coloring observed anywhere in the animal kingdom that is not ascribed to it. This has naturally led to efforts on the part of some writers to limit its field. But as we are in the dark as to most of the antecedents of animal coloration, objections on the one side are met by more ingenious explanations on the other. If the coloring of a creature is inconspicuous, it is the more difficult for its enemies to find it; if conspicuous, it warns them of some disagreeable qualities of the animal as food; if these disagreeable qualities do not exist, then the creature mimics some other in which they do exist. If its coloring can be shown to be absolutely injurious to an animal, then it has originated among ancestors that lived under wholly different conditions, and it is considered that it is now in course of elimination. Mr. Frank E. Beddard, M.A., has brought together the *pros* and *cons* on many points relating to protective and sexual selection, and the reader may, at least, see from his book entitled 'Animal Coloration' how difficult it is, in the present state of our knowledge, for either the advocate or the opponent of natural selection to 'corner' his adversary. The interest of the book is, in short, that of those interminable and inconclusive arguments about matters that cannot be brought to the test of experience, which a working naturalist is usually supposed to hold in contempt. Questions as to the exact influence of natural selection can never be settled unless the naturalists drop argument and go to work. What we need to know is the mechanism of coloration. Natural selection cannot begin to have any influence at all until pigments are first secreted and distributed. Then it may ask to favor the reproduction of one set of markings rather than another. That the amount and kind of pigment is related to the food; that its distribution is related to the supply of nutriment conveyed by the blood to different parts of the body; that its minuter distribution depends, in great part, on the form of the covering, hairs, feathers, scales, etc., may be readily shown in a rough way. Ordinary spotting and striping, at least in birds and insects, and even the formation of eye-spots—pigments deposited in concentric rings,—may, it seems likely, be accounted for without the interposition of any form of natural selection, which only comes in later to define, or obliterate, or otherwise modify them. It is along this line, as some German naturalists seem to be aware, that investigation is now needed. Let us know more about the relations of coloring to structure; we will then be able to say just what is due to natural selection. Meanwhile, all argument on the subject is only threshing over old straw. Mr. Beddard's work

* Charles Sumner. By Anna Laurens Dawes. \$1. (The Makers of America.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

* Animal Coloration. By Frank E. Beddard. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

is illustrated with some very good woodcuts and four colored plates.

Balzac's "Albert Savarus"

THE THREE SHORT stories in this volume—"Albert Savarus," "Paz" and "Madame Firmiani"—are chips from that astounding workshop which never ceased its Hephæstian labors and products until Balzac was no more. Short stories of this character flew from his glowing forge like sparks from an anvil, the playthings of an idle hour, the interludes of a more vivid drama. Three of them gathered here illustrate as usual Parisian and provincial life, two in a very noble fashion, Balzacian to the core. The third—"Albert Savarus"—has many elements of tragedy and grandeur in it, spoiled only by an abruptness in the conclusion and an accumulation of unnecessary horrors that chill the reader. It is a block of tragic marble hewn, not to a finish, but to a fine prophetic suggestion of what is to follow if —! The *if* never emerges from conditionality to fulfilment. The beautiful lines and sinuous curves of the nascent statue are there, not fully born of the encasing stone; what sculptors call the "tenons" show in all their visibility—the supports and scaffoldings reveal their presence; the forefront is finished as in a Greek metope or Olympian tympanum, where broken Lapiths and Centaurs disport themselves; but the background is rude and primitive.

In "Madame Firmiani" a few brilliant pages suffice to a perfect picture—one of the few spotless pictures of this superb yet sinning magician so rich in pictures. It is French nature that Balzac depicts, warm with all the physical impulses, undisguised in its assaults on the soul, ingeniously sensual, odiously loose in its views of marriage and the marriage relation, but splendidly picturesque. In this brief romance noble words are wedded to noble music. In "Paz" an almost equal nobility of thought—the nobility of self-renunciation—is attained. Balzac endows his men and women with happy millions and unhappy natures: the red ruby—the broken heart—blazes in a setting of gold. "Paz," the sublime Pole who loves the wife of his best friend, a Slav Cræsus, is no exception to the rule. The richest rhetoric, the sunniest colors fail to counteract the Acherontian gloom of these lives and sorrows snatched from the cauldron of urban and rural France—a cauldron that burns hotter than any other with its strange Roman and Celtic ardors. Balzac was perpetually dipping into it and drawing from it the wonderful and extraordinary incidents of his novels, incidents often monstrous in their untruth if looked at from any other than a French point of view. Thus, the devilish ingenuity of the jealous woman in "Albert Savarus" would seem unnatural anywhere else than in the sombre French provinces of 1836—a toadstool sprung up in the rank moonlight of the religious conventual system of education for women; but there—and then—and as one result of this system of repression, it seems perfectly natural. And so does the beautiful self-abnegation of Albert himself, that high-strung soul that could have been born only in nervous and passionate France.

As usual, Miss Wormeley's charming translation floats the reader over these pages in the swiftest and airiest manner.

Bradshaw's "Lord Chesterfield's Letters"

THESE THREE PORTLY octavos, in their 1453 pages (the paging is continuous in the set), contain 572 letters, being all that were published in Lord Mahon's four-volume edition of 1845, together with the 'omitted passages' in portions of the correspondence which were supplied in the supplementary volume of 1853, and which are now inserted in their proper places. Five other letters are printed for the first time, having been brought to light since Lord

Mahon did his work. There are still many more unpublished, in the correspondence of the Duke of Newcastle acquired quite recently by the British Museum; and these Dr. Bradshaw intends to give to the public hereafter.

It strikes us as a defect—the only noticeable one—in this edition that, as in Lord Mahon's, 'the coarse expressions have either been slightly altered or omitted, the omissions being indicated by dots.' Mr. Bradshaw adds that therefore, though not exactly an expurgated edition (which it obviously is), it 'may be read aloud in mixed company with more safety than its predecessors.' If these ponderous volumes are used for reading aloud, the reader may safely be left to skip objectionable passages for himself, as in unexpurgated editions of Shakespeare and other standard authors; but the scholar and the critical reader want the complete text. Certainly they do *not* want any alterations in the text, however slight, even if they have to submit to occasional omissions. Such substitutions are nothing else than falsifications of the original; and no conscientious editor, however squeamish, should be guilty of them. In other respects than this, as we have intimated, Mr. Bradshaw has executed his task quite faultlessly. His introduction is scholarly; and his notes, which include nearly all of Lord Mahon's (duly indicated by an *M*), are all that could be desired. The excellent index of fifteen pages is a most commendable addition. The 'Characters' are less known than they ought to be, having been thrown into the shade by the Letters. They abound in touches equally pithy and piquant. As Mr. Bradshaw says, 'in epigrammatic style, pointed satire, and character-painting, he is not surpassed even by Macaulay.' It is curious that four out of these twenty pen-portraits were never published until the appearance of Lord Mahon's edition.

These volumes of Mr. Bradshaw's will supersede Lord Mahon's as the 'standard' edition of Chesterfield, and they are likely to retain that distinction for the next half-century at least.

Poetry and Verse

THOSE WHO WERE unable to get Mr. A. H. Bullen's 'Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists' (1889) and 'Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances' (1890), both of which were published in limited editions, can now console themselves with a new volume, 'Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age,' which includes most of the poems contained in the 1889 collection, and also poems of Robert Greene and Thomas Lodge from the 1890 volume. This little book is excellently printed, and is equipped with Mr. Bullen's introduction and notes, as given in its more elaborate predecessors. It is, therefore, quite as desirable for the poetry-lover's book-case, and particularly so on account of its cheapness. (\$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—MR. WAITMAN BARBE has written seventy-five or eighty verses, and printed them in a prettily bound book, the title of which is 'Ashes and Incense.' Who the author is we do not know. He may be young and experienced, or old and silly; either condition would account for these lines:—

Oh, pale, sweet maiden rare!
With mellow hair,
Thine eyes weary
Have grown, and strive in vain
To ope again,—
The book's so dreary.

The last line is not without truth. But it is only fair to Mr. Barbe to say that there are better things in his 'Ashes and Incense' than these six lines, but they are not enough better to make one believe that he is a poet. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

WHAT MR. STEDMAN did for Austin Dobson ten years ago is done for William Sharp now by Thomas A. Janvier, whose introduction to 'Flower o' the Vine' is prose with the grace of poetry, happily conceived and felicitously appropriate. 'Flower o' the Vine' contains the substance of two recent volumes of Mr. Sharp's verse—'Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy' (London) and 'Sospiri di Roma' (Rome)—poems of the North and of the South, —the first exhibiting a fine power of imagination, the second rich in fancy and exquisite bits of description. Of each of these collections we have already had something to say. Let us now take a word from the genial host who speaks thus of his guest's credentials:—

* Albert Savarus. By Honoré de Balzac. Trans. by Katharine P. Wormeley

\$1.50. Roberts Bros.

* The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, with the Characters. Edited, with introduction, notes and index, by John Bradshaw, LL.D. 3 vols. \$7.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

'Here, joined but not blended, is the poetry of the South and of the North. It is an inversion of that curious process by which the waters of the White and Blue rivers, whereof the Nile is made, flowing out from separate sources, journey on together in the same channel for a long while without mingling. In this case, the two streams of verse come from the same source—yet instantly are so distinct and separate that the most acutely critical of observers would not be likely to refer them to a common origin. * * * His ballads are not mere masses of rhymes dexterously fitted together; they are poems with living souls. * * * I do hold to be remarkable this merging of two distinct patents of poetic nobility in a single fortunate heir.' 'Flower o' the Vine' ought to come into the hands of every lover of, fine poetry. (\$1.50. Chas. L. Webster & Co.)

A PRETTY LITTLE BOOK is 'Links from Broken Chains,' by Donizetti Muller. The leading poem, 'The Origin of Will o' the Wisp,' has already been complimented, as it deserves to be; and while the verses which follow it here are briefer, they all have a pleasing quality of genuineness about them. The author is happiest in his poems of nature. Many of his descriptions are charming. (Cambridge: Riverside Press.)—'VERSES TO ORDER,' by A. G., contains a kind of verse that reminds one of the clever Calverley a little, and of the late J. K. Stephen a little more. They are, for the most part, such rhymes as are turned out by the budding college poet who knows his classics fairly well, and can write rhymed and unrhymed Latin verse. A. G. remarks:—

O is't not hard that every bard
Who seeks to shine in letters,
Must still be bound by rules of sound,
And simply dance in fetters?

He is right, and we sympathize with him, although he dances gracefully enough. (London: Methuen & Co.)—TO HIS FORTY sonnets Mr. Herbert Wolcott Bowen has given the title 'Losing Ground.' They deal with politics, church, state, and the morals of mankind. This extract from one of them, 'Money-Crowned,' will suffice to show their general character:—

The fact that in high places men are found
Who bought their seats, and hold them without fear
Of punishment or shame, affords a clear
Stupendous proof that we are losing ground,
And dwindling as a people once renowned
For virtue, to proportions that appear
Contemptible, and cause the world to leer
And jeer at us, and call us money-crowned.

It cannot be said that this is very much like poetry: it is rhymed prose. (\$1.25. Boston: J. G. Cupples.)—J. DUNBAR HYLTON, M.D., author of the 'Sea-King,' which has been noticed in these columns, has recently written and published 'an Epic of the Universe' styled 'Motion, Space and Time.' We hope this will come into the hands of some member of the Society for Psychical Research, inasmuch as the preface has a story in it which is in the Society's line. The epic is quite similar to 'The Sea-King' in style. It is very deep—'entirely too deep for me.' (Hylton Grange, Palmyra, N. J.)

Recent Fiction

WHEN MRS. AMELIA E. BARR has a story to tell, she tells it with a directness and sincerity that give a vivid tone of reality to the narrative. Her readers have been limited to a certain class, it is true, and it cannot be said that they are of a particularly reflective type; nevertheless they constitute a large and flourishing body, and they have gratefully enjoyed the repast set before them. Just what their verdict upon 'Love for an Hour is Love Forever' will be, we cannot say, but we fear that it will not be unqualifiedly favorable. The story is that of two sets of lovers who, through misfortune, separation and obstacles, still remain steadfast in their attachments, and in the end are happily united in wedlock. Such being the chaste and simple outline of the tale, it remains for Mrs. Barr to make the lives and characters of the lovers develop in accordance with such fidelity and loyalty. This she does in a manner that from the first page to the last leaves the reader in no more doubt as to the final happiness in the last chapter than as to the absolute perfection of the two heroines, models of every virtue. The scene is laid in England; and in both instances the test of devotion is the waiting for silent years for the return of the lover who has crossed the seas to make his fortune. As usual Mrs. Barr has given us some good pictures of English yeoman life and hints on industrial questions, but she has failed to endow her people with vitality, and consequently the force of her story is weakened. (\$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.)—'THE HOUSEHOLD IDOL,' by Marie Bernhard, is one of the most obviously translated books that ever

passed from one language to another. (If this declaration sound equivocal, we may amend it by saying that the fact that the book is a translation is obvious at a glance.) Nor is the fault wholly with the translator. The sentimentality and over-expression together with the looseness of the narrative style are so essentially foreign that no mere equivalent in words can render it satisfactory reading to an English public. It is only fair to say, however, that the text is better than the 'processed' illustrations. (Worthington Co.)

THE PERENNIAL 'Pickwick' once more makes his appearance in a new edition—this time with a long historical and bibliographical 'Introduction' from the pen of Charles Dickens the younger, many of the facts in which had been previously published. In other respects this is a copy of the original edition, with facsimiles (printed with the type) of the original plates by Seymour and 'Phiz.' The humor of 'Pickwick' is of the sort that improves with age, and Phiz's illustrations, now that blurred and worn impressions are no longer to be dreaded, will stand any amount of reprinting. A complete set of the original numbers costs, we believe, something like \$150. As it is, in regard to the illustrations, the best edition, this reproduction manifestly does not come too early. The price considered, paper, printing and binding—in green cloth—are all that they should be. 'The Adventures of Oliver Twist,' with the illustrations by Cruikshank, is the second volume of the series. The Introduction contains a plate which Dickens had cancelled without much apparent reason. (\$1 each. Macmillan & Co.)—'PINE VALLEY,' by Lewis B. France, is a thin volume in blue and white, illustrated with small views, and containing two short stories. 'One Winter at the Gray Eagle Mine' is quite pathetic and Bret-Harte-like in its pleasant gift of telling a story dramatically. Perhaps there is more gold in the tragic life of the mines than in the mines themselves; a fine-spun thread of it runs through 'Pine Valley.' (Denver, Col.)

'IT IS NOT WELL DONE,' says Mr. Crawford's hero, referring to a volume he holds in his hand (for he is a book-reviewer, and fond of Johnson), 'but one is surprised to see it done at all. What can you expect for fifty cents?' The arithmetical mind will readily seize the point that for one dollar (the price of Mr. Crawford's latest novel) you can expect just twice as much as you can for fifty cents. But whether even this firmly-grounded commercial conviction will be realized depends very much upon how great one's expectations are. 'The Three Fates' referred to in the title, unlike the old reliable Parcae, are three young and charming maidens, to each of whom in turn the hero makes love, as only a book-reviewer can, each girl having her prototype in one of the dark sisterhood. For justification upon this point, the reader is referred to page 409, where Mr. Crawford 'right up and tells' us that 'Constance was my Clotho, Mamie was my Lachesis, Grace is (note the change of tense) my Atropos.' Having consulted a handbook, we are in a position to remind the reader that in the myth of human destiny Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis twirled the spindle and Atropos cut the thread. It would give us great pleasure to inform the reader that this has something to do with Mr. Crawford's novel; but, for the life of us, we cannot see in it anything even remotely apposite. The nearest the author comes to establishing an analogy is in respect to the mythical lady who cuts the thread. 'Grace is the end. Grace holds the thread, and will neither cut it nor let it run on through her fingers.' So even here the likeness is not so close as it would be if there were some resemblance. When we recall the originality of 'Mr. Isaacs,' the fine humor of 'The Lonely Parish,' the interest of 'Saracinesca,' and 'St. Ilario' and the dramatic force of 'The Cigarette-Maker's Romance,' we may well wonder how Mr. Crawford's name comes to be on the title-page of this copyrighted platitude. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

THE NEAT EDITION of Peacock's novels is now completed by the publication of 'Gryll Grange,' in two volumes. It was written when the author was a septuagenarian, and, though perhaps less vigorous than his earlier works, is on the whole not less enjoyable. Indeed, it is in some respects an advance upon its predecessors. 'There is more tenderness, more consideration, a deeper sense of the underlying pathos of human life,' as Dr. Garnett remarks in his appreciative introduction; and 'another pleasing feature is the recognition of ideal beauty, and a cultivation of the sentiment of reverence not unlike that of Goethe's later writings.' The poems scattered through the novel vary in merit, but 'Love and Age' is one of the most charming things Peacock ever wrote. (\$2. Macmillan & Co.)—'IN A STEAMER CHAIR,' by Robert Barr ('Luke Sharp'), will be just the book to beguile the hours of an

ocean voyage. 'The Ancient Mariner' is really the best tale to read when the ship is ploughing through 'a wide, wide sea, and never a saint takes pity on one's soul in agony.' But as that story can't last the entire voyage, we recommend these stories of Mr. Barr's. The most important are 'The Man who was Not on the Passenger List,' 'My Stowaway,' 'A Case of Fever' and the one which gives the book its title. All are written in a vein half-fanciful, half-gruesome, which makes them just the stories to read when, out of sight of land, all the ordinary laws of nature seem suspended. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)

AFTER READING 'The Goddess of Atvatar,' by William R. Bradshaw, it is impossible not to be reminded of the various recipes for potent punches dear to our grandfathers. If we take a quart of Jules Verne, a quart of Rider Haggard, a pint of Edward Lear, another of Lewis Carroll, with a tablespoonful of Swift and a dash of Poe, we shall be able to concoct a mixture almost as bewildering as its prototype—we dare not say its original—now before us. One of the chief qualities of true imagination is that it ennobles common things, but Mr. Bradshaw, by an ingenious inversion, is able to make the most extraordinary adventures seem commonplace. The superstition that at the North Pole the waters of the Polar Sea pour themselves into the centre of the earth is a very old one, and this narrative tells of the adventures of some Arctic explorers, who, having survived this perilous voyage, find themselves in the country of Atvatar. In this favored spot the material civilization of the outer earth has reached its climax, and the result is certainly calculated to reconcile us to our present imperfect surroundings. One of the local gods is the Sacred Locomotive, and a favorite instrument is an organ-megaphone, that shouts out sententious aphorisms in 'musically stentorian' tones. The Supreme Goddess, Lyone, is the representative of Harikar, which, somehow, has an uncomfortably Japanese suggestion, and we are not sure that we do not prefer the ordinary park policeman to a wayleal mounted on a bockhockid. The best thing in the book is the description of the plant flowers in the Garden of Tanje, with accompanying illustrations after the manner of Lear's 'Nonsense Botany.' The lilliputism would be an engaging companion, also the jeerloon; but the yarphappy looks too much like a malignant orchid. We have no doubt that the volume will give considerable pleasure to people who like scientific fairy-tales and explained ghost-stories; but the wonder is that Mr. Julian Hawthorne should have been willing to write for it an enthusiastic introduction. That the author of 'Archibald Malmaison' can speak of this as 'a production of imagination and sentiment' puzzles the will. (\$2. J. F. Doubtitt.)

IF ENGLISH genealogical trees often get their several branches so interlaced as those of the Netleys in Clara Lenore's 'A Covenant with the Dead' we do not envy the gentlemen whose business it is to disentangle them. As nearly as we can make out, one son of Lord Netley marries an actress. The elder brother is induced by his father to wed a young lady of his own class. Both sons die, and it then turns out that the last-mentioned had already been married when his father forced him to marry Miss Kennett. The wily lord through his secretary gets the actress a petty position which takes her out of the way, and then makes the supernumerary widow of the other son assume her place, thus squaring matters with society; the clever secretary marries the willom Miss Kennett, whose misadventures on the way to matrimony are not wholly unlike those of 'La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe.' (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'PLAYHOURS and Half Holidays,' by Rev. J. C. Atkinson, is a story of English schoolboy life, or that part of it which the boys enjoy most and perhaps obtain most profit from. Jack's rescue by his cousin when he falls through the ice while skating; his wild duck shooting on a bitter winter morning; the finding of the rabbits and the stoats, and of the sand martin's nest, when the boys had to push the mother bird aside to secure one of the long, white eggs; Ned's upset while fishing and many other moving adventures by flood and field, are told in an interesting manner. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

Magazine Notes

VERNON LEE, in *Macmillan's* for July, shows herself mistress of the 'Midsummer Magic' she describes, the essence of which seems to consist, so far as the writer is concerned, in beginning anywhere and ending nowhere, touching on everything by the way. She writes from the hills behind Florence, recounting an interview she has had with the nymph, Terzollina, who offers her the half of a story, keeping the best for herself; and an excursion to an enchanted hermitage near a hill of lavender, and in the neighborhood of which, no doubt, are the Mountain of Myrrh and the Val-

ley of Frankincense. The 'Bhut Baby' is a curious piece of Hindu superstition. Arthur Tilley writes about Montaigne with some of the latter's pleasant garrulousness. 'The True Historian,' according to an anonymous writer, is he who brings his imagination to bear on his facts. Arthur Montefiore tells what 'Education for the Colonies' should be; and a weak and nameless writer calls on the English landlord to resist 'The Forces of Disorder,' meaning the English Radicals.

We have received the first number of *The American Journal of Politics*, edited by Andrew J. Palm. It is to be published once a month, and purports to be 'a magazine for intelligent men and women who read and think on vital questions of the times.' If this opening number is a fair specimen, however, intelligent men and women will find little in the new magazine to interest or instruct them. The articles it contains, though they discuss certain questions of the time, contribute nothing of value to their solution. The best is one by Mrs. Belya A. Lockwood, in which she advises that the Columbian Exhibition be conducted without military display—a hint that might well be heeded. Gen. M. M. Trumbull contributes an article on Cobden, which is meant to be eulogistic, but its tone would be unpleasant to Cobden himself if he were alive to read it; and the other articles are no better than this one. As the country is already flooded with political literature, some of which is much better than that in this magazine, the new *Journal of Politics* has no good reason to exist. (\$4 a year. 928 Temple Court, New York.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Familiar Quotations from Shakespeare.—At a social gathering not long ago the question was raised, 'What tragedy of Shakespeare has furnished the largest number of familiar quotations?' I suggested 'Hamlet,' but a college professor who is a good Shakespeare scholar was confident that 'Macbeth' is oftener quoted. He has since sent me the following note:—

I have had the curiosity to count the quotations in Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' from the plays most frequently cited therein. There are from 'Hamlet' 218 quotations, from 'Macbeth' 114, from 'Othello' 81, from 'Julius Caesar' 67, and from 'King Lear' 36. None of the other plays are more cited by Bartlett than 'Julius Caesar.' These quotations seem to me to indicate somewhat approximately the degree in which these several tragedies are wrought into the thought and speech of the people.

Then I took up Routledge's 'Shakespeare Year-Book,' a compilation constructed only on the principle of a daily quotation appropriate to a man and another appropriate to a woman. Out of 732 quotations, only 9 are from 'Macbeth' and 15 from 'Hamlet,' while there are 33 from 'Pericles,' 28 from 'The Merchant of Venice,' 27 from 'Othello,' 19 from 'King Lear,' and 10 from 'Julius Caesar.' The list from the 'Familiar Quotations' seems to me the more significant. Were it not now vacation I should hardly devote myself to such labors (!) as this.

It may be noted that the number of passages cited by Bartlett from 'Macbeth' is nearly as great in proportion to the length of the play (2108 lines in the Globe edition, according to the latest count, by Griffiths in his 'Evenings with Shakespeare') as from Hamlet (3930 lines).

'Ducdame' in 'As You Like It,' ii. 5. 56.—Jaques, when asked 'What's that ducdame?' replies, 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle'; and the Rev. Dr. Moberly, in his edition of the play, adds, 'for the purpose of etymologically and linguistically investigating the meaning of ducdame—a fair hit at the commentators, one of whom (followed by several others) seriously argues that the word is 'manifestly' the call of the dame, or housewife, to her ducks! Halliwell-Phillipps suggested that it was the burden of some old song; and this is perhaps supported by a note I have received from a correspondent in Ohio, who finds 'douce dame' thus used in an old *chanson* by the Châtelain de Coucy. But the hard *c* in ducdame could hardly have come from the French *douce*.

More Lunacy.—I see in English Journals the advertisement of a work entitled 'The Long Desiderated Knowledge of the Life and Personality of Shakespeare,' by 'Clelia'; and the 'Clelian theory' is stated thus:—

Shakespeare identifies himself, in 'The Tempest,' with moral law, in the person of Prospero, who represents both Shakespeare and the moral law. In the Sonnets, the poet identifies himself with Beauty (all Nature and Supreme Reason of human conduct). By this twofold identification, he actually becomes what, in Ibsen's 'Emperor and Galilean,' Maximus the Mystic would persuade Julian to be, Messiah of a third Kingdom, twin-natured Reconciler of the World and the Spirit, God-Emperor and Pan-Logos.

Raymond's 'Typical Tales from Shakespeare's Plays.'—I am glad to see a new and cheaper edition of the 'Typical Tales from Shakespeare's Plays,' prepared by the late Prof. R. R. Raymond eleven years ago (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, \$1.20). I saw the proof-sheets of it then, and afterwards commended it in print as 'every way well done.' The plays selected as typical are 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Julius Caesar.' The story of each is told more in detail than in Lamb's 'Tales' and other books of the kind, and long passages from the text are interspersed in the narration. The hard words in these are explained in foot-notes. The book is well suited for young folk at home or in school. The many pictorial illustrations add to its attractiveness.

A Warwickshire Journal.—Some of our readers may be interested to know that *The Rambler*, a monthly journal published at Leamington, England, is printing a pleasant series of articles on Warwickshire localities. Stoneleigh Abbey, Guy's Cliff, Charlecote Hall, and Shakespeare's School have already been described and illustrated by excellent reproductions of photographs. Mr. W. H. Wall, the genial librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford, has also contributed a capital paper on 'St. George and St. Shakespeare,' to say nothing of other entertaining matter. *The Rambler* is a twelve-page sheet, of the size of *The Critic*, edited by Mr. George Morley, and published by Mr. Frank Glover, at the low price of one shilling (25 cts.) a year, or 1s. 6d. by post prepaid. The first number appeared in January, 1892.

Boston Letter

THE SALE in one lot of the 250,000 bound books and the 150,000 pamphlets owned by the late T. O. H. P. Burnham has been accomplished, the successful bidders being three of Mr. Burnham's former employees—William H. Greenfield, who for thirty-one years labored by the side of the late seller of antique books; R. C. Lichtenstein, who was with Mr. Burnham for twenty-five years; and Henry F. Dodge, who was a clerk in the same store for nearly ten years. An original copy of the 'Bay Psalm Book,' printed in Cambridge in 1640, and reported to be the first book published in America, is one of the valuable books in the lot, there being not more than twelve copies of this work in existence, it is said.

And yet I find in the inventory, just filed in the Probate Court, that Mr. Burnham's stock of books was appraised at only \$7500. The rest of his personal property was valued at about \$150,000. This, however, does not represent the total wealth earned by the quaint old book collector of Boston. His whole life was spent in the second-hand book trade started by his father in the early part of the present century, but a great deal of his money came from judicious investment in real estate, and some of it from what might be called pure luck. For instance, his books were formerly kept in a shop adjoining his house at the corner of Tremont and School Streets. Around this house extended the well-known hostelry, the Parker House, and it was the life ambition of Harvey D. Parker to add that Burnham corner to his hotel. For a moral principle which Mr. Burnham harbored, he would not sell the lot for years, and even declined a price to be set by three arbitrators, with \$50,000 added as a bonus. At last, however, the corner came to the Parker House, but Harvey D. Parker never lived to see the completion of his big hotel.

Another incident illustrating Mr. Burnham's moral scruples was told me at the time of his death by a friend. Of course, in such a large collection of old works there are many books not suited for youth, and when one day a boy sought to purchase one of these, Mr. Burnham very emphatically exclaimed: 'No sir, I would not let you have that for any sum. Your mother would not let you read that, my boy. But,' and he smiled as he added with quiet humor, 'I have some fine copies of "Baxter's Saints' Rest" and "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted" which I can let you have very cheap indeed.' He was shrewd, too, was Thomas Oliver Hazard Perry Burnham and was never likely to throw away a good trade. He, himself, told the story to a friend who repeated it to me regarding the sale of a certain book to Edward Everett. The famous scholar came to Mr. Burnham one day, after a long search among the dusty shelves, and with marked anxiety and earnestness expressed in his face asked quickly the price of a little old tattered book he had found there. Mr. Burnham looked at the sale mark. It was priced twenty-five cents, but as the old bookseller himself said in telling the story:—'I knew Edward Everett had good judgment regarding old books, and he evidently knew more about that particular one than I did, so I set it down in my mind as a valuable work and promptly declared \$3.75. Mr. Everett paid it gladly.' Mr. Burnham was always very generous, and in his will, after leaving about \$150,000 to relatives, distributed the balance, which

was estimated at very much more than half a million, to his native town of Essex, to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and some fifteen or sixteen other charitable or educational institutions. He was one of a large family of brothers and sisters who all died without issue, none of them having ever yielded to the romance of love. I presume the familiar store under the old South Church will be retained by the new proprietors, for the history of the ancient meeting-house makes it more suitable as a home for ancient literature than for any other stock in trade.

Appropos of the recent contribution by Prof. E. N. Horsford of \$250 toward the Boston replica of the monument of Columbus to be erected in the Island of San Domingo, I learn from Capt. Nathan Appleton that it is expected the Catholics of Boston will take hold of the plan for the Boston monument and assist. Capt. Appleton, who is so energetic in promoting this plan, has already consulted the Italian Consul, and expects to have the aid of Italians as well as the Spaniards in Boston. His idea regarding the location of the statue is, I think, an excellent one. He tells me that he would have it placed on Columbus Square, that part of Columbus Avenue appropriately near Ferdinand and Isabella streets. I inquired of Capt. Appleton regarding the Emerson statue, which also he is urging. It will probably represent Mr. Emerson in a sitting position, and will be placed in the niche at the Beacon Street end of the long hall in the New Public Library building. Mr. French, the sculptor, is expected to finish the model this summer.

W. Clark Noble, the Cambridge sculptor, has completed a statue of William Ellery Channing, and it will soon be cast for the city of Newport. It is of heroic size, representing Channing with outstretched hands pronouncing the benediction. Mr. Noble, I am informed, is not to make a statue of 'the perfect man' from figures of Prof. Sargent, the gymnasium instructor at Harvard, as was originally announced, but is next to start upon a design of a crouching lion to send to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It is understood that before long Mr. Noble will remove his studio to New York or Newport.

The \$10,000 prize for the best dramatization of 'Black Beauty' will not be awarded. The committee examined nine dramas, but found none of them suitable for production on the stage. Mr. Angell, the President of the Humane Education Society which made the offer, announces, however, that there has been discovered a drama which the author did not care to present in this contest, and which is to be brought out in the theatre.

BOSTON, July 19, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

A Sylvan Call

[THESE VERSES were written in a great wood on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, many miles away from books. Upon looking them over to file them a little—for *labor homo* is still profitable even if the utensil is a trifle worn—I saw that I had unconsciously translated and taken as my own in the final line a sentence—

χαὶ γὰρ τὸ Μοῦσῶν χαρὺν στίμα—

of the seventh Idyl of Theocritus. Mr. Andrew Lang gives 'For I, too, am a clear-voiced mouth of the Muses' in his beautiful prose rendering, and Mr. C. S. Calverley's metrical translation makes it

I am, as thou, a clarion-voice of song.

Sainte-Beuve, in a charming essay on Theocritus, the first of his 'Derniers Portraits,' offers:—'Et moi je suis une bouche brûlante des Muses' as his understanding of the passage. It makes little difference what may be the bald literal English or French of χαρὺν στίμα; what did the old poet mean to say? is the important matter. Keats, in his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' drives at a like expression, when he speaks of a passion

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Theocritus puts his phrase 'A heat-withered—or a dried-up, or shriveled, or parched—mouth of the Muses' on the tongue of Simichidas, who is Theocritus himself, in the midst of a fine passage (resonant and long-lingering with the reader) which in a burst of confession conveys the poet's passion for pastoral song. The strain of infinite gladness still lingered with this last of the great Greek geniuses. His lips were hot with joy. He was in the bloom of youth and on his way to a harvest feast, and felt the high ecstasy and the imperious necessity which turn a man into a mouth-piece of passion. 'I, too,' he confesses to the goatherd poet—'I, too, am a parched and thirsting mouth of song.' Every true poet has doubtless felt the very delight of poetry burn like a flame from a blow-pipe. Sappho, in fragment 115, condenses the expression to 'σπταὶς ἄμμα, for which we have no English poetical equivalent. 'Thou roastest us'

certainly does not suit the need of music. In a drowsier mood Theocritus sings, with half-closed eyes, a *φώνη δὲ τρυχρὸς*—'Thy voice is nightshade—a deadly charm—it drugs me into helplessness.' But always the chord of the Muses is love—*ἔρως μοῖνον ἔχει*.]

In a wild wood there came to me,
As from a flute blown, sweet and strong,
A voice of primal ecstasy
Straight from the burning lips of Song.
'Comrade!' it called, 'Come back again
Among the shepherds as of old.'
Shocked through with joy I stood, and then
A glory brimmed the air with gold.
'Old fellow,' cried I, 'art thou there?'
'Yea!' and my heart it trembled like
A wounded bee, and in my hair
I felt a rapturous shiver strike.
Dew-beaded mint by sandals crushed
Gave me a waft time-touched withal,
The reeds found voice, new fountains gushed
And honey dew began to fall.
A touch, endued with that keen zest
Which life secretes in moods of truth,
Sweetened the dream within my breast
And thrilled me with a lusty youth.
I breathed in Freedom, blew out Care,
And looked, and lo! the time was good,
Arcadian hills rolled green and fair
With many a blooming brake and wood.
An unconditioned freshness sprung
Abroad from sources absolute,
The simple notes of Nature, flung
By guileless lips from flute to flute.
Wild apple-trees, primeval brooks,
And elemental fragrances,
Faun-calls from shadowy cavern-nooks,
And Doric dreams and vagrancies.
Sap-bubbings, honey-trickle, balm
Of buds bee-ravished, and the bee
Droning around, while dim and calm
Dreamed the blue sea of Sicily.
Theocritus, old chum of mine,
When you called me I came along,
For I, too, blow the flute divine
And have the burning lips of song.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

The Lounger

THERE IS NOTHING that pleases me better than to hear that some one—particularly some one in whom I feel a friendly interest—has realized a dream. A lady in some way connected with his family told me, a year or more ago, that a son of the late Sidney Lanier was in New York, working dutifully at an uncongenial task, while hoping to find something more to his taste. The work he was engaged in would have been regarded by the average young man as desirable enough. It was in a railroad office, where the duties were not heavy nor the hours long. But Mr. Charles Lanier was not an average young man. He had inherited some portion of his father's gifts; and he looked with longing eyes towards a literary career. For practice he wrote out of business hours for such journals as would take his work, and not many weeks ago he was engaged by *The Review of Reviews* to write an article upon *The Cosmopolitan* and its new editor, Mr. W. D. Howells. Mr. Briaben Walker, the proprietor of the magazine, invited young Lanier to dine with him and Mr. Howells at Delmonico's. It was a delightful occasion for the young man, but he noticed that his companions introduced general subjects of conversation rather than the particular one on which he was seeking information. When the little party broke up, Mr. Walker said: 'You had better come down to my house at Southampton, Mr. Lanier, where we can give a quiet evening to the subject.'

THE INVITATION was accepted, and at the end of the quiet evening Mr. Walker said:—'Mr. Lanier, I have been drawing you out, and I find that you are just the man I want on the editorial staff of *The Cosmopolitan*.' To say that the young man's heart beat high and fast hardly does justice to its resounding thumps. He was not only flattered, but he felt all those delightful sensations a man experiences when he finds that the most agreeable

thing that could happen to him has happened, and so easily and unexpectedly that it seems like fairy work. Mr. Lanier is only about twenty-five years of age, and he enters upon his new duties with the enthusiasm that comes when a man finds his work thoroughly congenial.

THE LONDON *Queen* of June 23, reviewing 'Marion Harland's 'Her Great Self,' hazards the assertion that 'if this is a first book, as the absence of any list of former works on the title-page indicates, the author may be congratulated on her performance'; adding that 'we shall look with much interest for a work from Miss Marion Harland's pen again, for, with added knowledge and practice in novel-writing, she ought to do very good work indeed.' Turning to 'Women of To-Day,' I read that Mrs. Terhune was born 'about 1835,' and published her first novel, 'Alone,' in 1854. Since then she has written at least two dozen books; while two of her married daughters are professional writers. For a novelist of the age, experience and popularity of Marion Harland to be encouraged with such a 'Try again, little one,' causes the muscles of the lips to relax smilingly and the eyes to twinkle with amusement.

THERE ARE PEOPLE who write poetry and there are people who only think they do, and the latter are usually more confident of their talent than many of the former. Every village has its poet or poetess, and one little Jersey town that I know boasts a lady whose pen is always ready to sing of local happenings. It is in cases of tragedy that she is most inspired; and when, not long since, two little boys were drowned in the river, her muse was more than ordinarily moved. And this is what she sang:—

As we entered into the parlor,
Side by side, two caskets lay;
With the two departed brothers,
Resting in the realms of day.

Little did they think that morning,
As they skipped away to school;
That the hand of death was waiting,
For to snatch them ere so soon.

How sad it is to part with one,
But when it comes to two—
No mortal soul on earth can tell,
What God intends to do.

How sad within that dwelling,
As the loved ones are no more;
And the footsteps cease forever,
As they are on the other shore.

YOU AND I can not suppress a smile as we read this elegy, and yet I dare say that it was a great consolation to the afflicted parents and helped them to bear up under their loss. A man of much better education and much more cultivated surroundings than the parents of these two lads probably are, once showed me with satisfaction just such a bit of doggerel written by a friend on the death of his only child. It appeared to give him a great deal of comfort.

I FOUND THE FOLLOWING paragraph in one of the daily papers last week:—

The Norwegian Storting has again granted an annual pension of 1600 crowns (about \$450) to the poet and politician Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson. The pension was given to this popular author for the first time in 1863. In 1887, however, a motion was made in the Storting to honor the novelist Herr Kjelland in a similar way. The motion was lost. Bjoernson was so incensed at the insult to his friend that he declined to accept his pension longer. Kjelland, having become in the meantime Mayor of Stavanger, the city of his birth, Bjoernson consented to accept again the bounty of his country's representatives. The majority, however, in favor of granting the stipend was not overwhelming, as the poet's political course recently has aroused much opposition. Henrik Ibsen and Jonas Lie also draw a pension of \$450 each from the Norwegian treasury.

Prof. Boyesen of Columbia, to whom I sent this item for verification, writes thus from his summer home at Southampton, L.I.:—'This is substantially correct, but not entirely so. The first time Alexander Kielland applied for a "poet's salary," it was refused by the Storting on the ground that he was unorthodox and had reviled the Lutheran clergy. In order to test the question whether the acceptance of a "poet's salary" implied orthodoxy, Bjoernson and Ibsen united in petitioning the Storting in 1887 in Kielland's behalf, Bjoernson declaring in advance that he was no more orthodox than Kielland, and that, in case the petition was not granted, he would feel in honor bound to resign his own stipend. When

(with this understanding) the petition was returned with an adverse vote, Björnson made good his word, and has not since drawn his poet's salary. This year, the Storting being of a more strongly liberal complexion, a member introduced a resolution, bestowing upon Björnson his former stipend, without reference to his religious sentiments, and it was carried by a small majority. The amount is correctly stated.

AS I HAD FULLY expected she would, Helen Walters Avery flatly denies that her translation of Hugo's 'Serenade' was in any way indebted to the East Indian Aru Dutt's English version of the lyric, as insinuated by H. S. of Dorchester, Mass., in a letter printed in this column on July 9. 'I have never seen any work of Aru Dutt,' she writes, 'nor did I know of such a person's existence. I did know of the sister, Toru Dutt, and that she had had a volume of fugitive pieces published; but I never saw but one of these poems—a translation from Heine.'

UNDAUNTED by the fulminations of G. W. S. in the *Tribune*, undeterred even by the cold shoulder of the English Society of Authors, Mr. Patrick F. Collier, proprietor of *Once a Week*, goes on advertising in *The Athenaeum* for 'British Authors and Publishers having pure-toned Fiction of a high grade of literary excellence to dispose of.' He wants all of them, too. 'Authors will be able to dispose of all of their High-Class Fiction on the most liberal terms, for I want the best—the three-volume British Novel preferred.' Mr. Collier also wants the address of the Author of the 'American Girl in London.' The fight between G. W. S. and P. F. C. is hardly a fair one. The former is paid for his share in it: it goes in as a part of his regular correspondence; while the latter has to pay well for his advertisements in *The Athenaeum*. I hope his insatiable thirst for 'pure-toned fiction' will be gratified.

'PERHAPS I HAVE a sort of right to close the debate as to the proper translation of the words usually rendered "He giveth his beloved sleep,"' writes M. W. H. of New Orleans. 'In doing so I merely wish to say that the learned Rabbi of St. Paul, Minn., Rev. E. L. Hess, writes as follows in reply to a letter of one of my friends on the subject:—"In accord with most of our commentators, I would prefer translating that passage, "to his beloved he thus giveth it during sleep." You will find this agreeing much better with the context.'"

A Browning Protest

THE FRONTISPIECE of the little volume just published by Mr. F. W. Revell through Macmillan & Co., under the title of 'Browning's Criticism of Life,' is a fine photograph of the old poet's face, taken after death. The following letter, printed in *The Athenaeum* of July 9, shows that the publication of the portrait was unauthorized by the poet's son:—

PALAZZO REZZONICO, VENICE, JULY 2, 1892.

My attention having been attracted by an advertisement to the frontispiece of a book by Mr. Revell, I wrote asking him how he had come by the original photograph. His answer contains a frank apology for having 'sinned ignorantly,' which I accept, and the explanation that the photograph had been 'kindly lent by a friend.' The 'friend' can only be one of a very few to whose honor I had entrusted copies of this photograph—a person thoroughly unworthy of the trust, as he has subsequently proved to be, but in whom I, so far, had seen nothing more objectionable than a singular absence of tact. Will you confer a favor on me by permitting me to say that this photograph has been published wholly without my knowledge, to my surprise, and, for private reasons of my own, profound regret?

R. BARRETT BROWNING.

Literary "Royalties"

UNEASY LIES the pen that wears a crown! Under the pseudonym of 'Tatjana,' Queen Natalie of Servia has published 'The Poem of the Crowned Child.' It is in the strain of an Oriental epic poem, says the London *Daily News*, and gives the history of a boy Prince torn from his mother's bosom, and kept from her by 'Satanic creatures,' 'hyenas' and 'demons,' these three designations evidently being meant to apply to the Servian Regents.

The boy, however, grows up with love for his mother deep in his breast, and at last, when given the choice, decides in favor of his mother against the crown which is offered him. The people's conscience then awakes, and the youth is allowed to keep his crown and have his mother besides. The people prepare to do justice to the 'hyenas,' etc., and are about to hang them, but the Queen-mother intercedes in their favor, and lives happily with her son ever after. The boy's father is not mentioned.

An interesting letter from 'Carmen Sylva,' Queen of Roumania, has been received by a personal friend of the Queen at Munich. It is dated from Mon Repos, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the home of Carmen Sylva's childhood:—

My health is improving day by day. This miracle is, no doubt, due to the shady walks in the palace gardens of Mon Repos, the pure air I breathe in this place, and to the delightful promenades through the green lanes of Wied. During my walks I often think of how your mother and I used to walk together in years gone by, dreaming fair dreams of the future, and talking about the beautiful, romantic Germany of former times, so different from the Germany of to-day. Alas! your mother is dead. I am still here, ill and bereft of all illusions, although the doctors seem very hopeful about me. Life is, indeed, very short, and the Apostle's words, 'here we have no abiding city,' are very true.

Princess Margarethe Beatrice, the future wife of Prince Frederick Carl of Hesse, is described as tall and strong, with a mass of fair hair, very pale eyes and very prominent lips. 'The frigidity of her face reminds one of England, and her robust figure of Germany. She is the favorite sister of William II.; a domesticated woman; knows how to sew and to embroider; does not like dancing. It is even said that she writes verses as melancholy as the German sky and as foggy as the Thames.'

Rose Terry Cooke

MRS. ROSE TERRY COOKE, who died at her home in Pittsfield, Mass., on Monday, July 18, is the first to pass away of the 'Twenty Immortelles' elected by the readers of *The Critic* in October, 1890. For three years she had been in feeble health, following an attack of pneumonia, but her final illness reached an acute stage only a week or so before her death. Mrs. Cooke was born at Wethersfield, Conn., on Feb. 17, 1827. Her education was begun by her mother, and carried on after she reached the age of ten at the Hartford Female Seminary, her family having removed to the Capital of the State. There was more discipline than delight in the young poet's home life, and at sixteen her professional work began with the task of teaching. She had a genuine and ardent love of nature, and a natural gift for verse-making. In her teens she wrote poetry for the *Tribune*. The *Times* gives the following account of her life from that time on:—

Mrs. Cooke's first magazine work was done for *Putnam's Magazine* before she had reached the age of twenty. From this and other publications her name became known to the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Our Young Folks* and the old *Scribner's Monthly*. She contributed to nearly all the leading periodicals in the country, besides publishing several volumes of poems, sketches, and short stories, some of them humorous, mainly describing New England life, and a novel called 'Steadfast,' which is a story of colonial times. Many persons consider 'Freedom Wheeler's Controversy' her best short story, and 'The Two Villages' is her best-known poem. She published 'Poems by Rose Terry' in 1860, 'Happy Dodd' in 1879, 'Somebody's Neighbors' in 1881, and 'Root Bound' and 'The Sphinx's Children' in 1886.

Rose Terry married Rollin H. Cooke of Winsted, Conn., in 1873. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke lived at the Cooke homestead in Winsted for several years and then moved to Pittsfield, Mass., where Mr. Cooke has a private banking business, and Mrs. Cooke followed her taste for books and pens. Their home is shaded by double rows of old elms and contains a fine collection of books, prints, old china, and antique furniture.

In personal appearance Mrs. Cooke was slightly above the middle height, of slender figure, and had dark, brilliant eyes, a broad forehead, regular features, and dark hair, sprinkled with gray.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

SHORTLY BEFORE his death, the late Mr. Cyrus W. Field gave to the Metropolitan Museum his collection of medals, paintings, etc., relating to the laying of the Atlantic cable. Among the medals and tokens presented to Mr. Field by various governments, states and societies was one from the United States, containing, it is said, \$387 worth of gold; accompanying this is a certificate containing the vote of thanks from Congress. There is also the Cross of the Order of St. Mauritius, conferred by the King of Italy, and the certificate awarding the Grand Prize of the Paris Exposition of 1867. The handsome gold box presented by the people of New York will have a prominent place in the collection. One of the most interesting articles is a large tankard of silver and oak, the gift of the men working in Central Park. There are also several fragments of the Atlantic cable and numerous relics connected with the establishment of trans-oceanic telegraphy. The collection of pictures consists of six large oil-paintings and forty-six water-colors, illustrating the laying of the cable. Mr. Field was unwilling that these interesting relics should leave the

city of New York, and his gift to the Museum was accompanied by a request that they be so arranged in an alcove as to be easily accessible to visitors.

—The free art loan exhibition which was opened on June 20 at Grand and Allen Streets, has proved a great attraction to the poor people of the district, the attendance averaging about 1000 people a day, and sometimes going above 1200. The University Settlement Society has extended its lease of the rooms, and will keep the exhibition open at least through the first week in August.

—Mr. William H. Goodyear, curator of fine arts in the Brooklyn Institute, has been invited to read a paper on his discoveries regarding the Egyptian lotus in classic ornament, before the Ninth Oriental Congress, meeting at London, in September.

—The establishment of an academy and art-gallery in Washington is the object of bills reported to the Senate and House on the 15th inst. The bills create a National Academy of Art, with the following incorporators:—Charles Stewart Smith, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Kate Field, Phoebe A. Hurst, Arthur McArthur, Charles M. Foulke, Jefferson Chandler, Francis Cotton, John Armstrong Chanler, Charles J. Singer, M. H. Phelps, Thomas E. Waggaman, James J. Hill, George M. Pullman, Mrs. Thomas Mowry and Mrs. Bellamy Storer.

—M. Spiridon, a wealthy Frenchman, has offered to loan to the World's Fair, to be exhibited in the department of fine arts, the original model of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome.

—Twenty-four students have already been enrolled at the Adirondack Summer School of Art, under the supervision of the Brooklyn Institute. Mr. Walter Shirlaw has the direction of the advanced classes in painting.

—*The Magazine of Art* says of a recent exhibition at the Continental Gallery in Bond Street, London, that 'the chief interest undeniably centred in the pictures by M. Jan Van Beers, two of them, "Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle," and a dainty little full-length portrait called "A Reverie," being expressly painted by the famous Belgian for this year's English art market. * * * He has succeeded in producing an admirable portrait of the reigning American comedienne—though the expression is a thought too cynical—and one which is very beautiful in its treatment of costly draperies, and finished with the usual elaboration and panel-like effect.'

Americans and Their Books

[*The Daily News*, London, Oct. 27, 1891.]

AMERICAN literature is a topic always dear to American critics, and the lack of self-consciousness is not a fault with which they can be justly charged. If it is easy to twist the tail of the British Lion, it is not difficult to annoy the American Eagle by tweaking the pinions which supply his poets with quills. At present Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells are not annoyed, indeed, but put a little on the defensive, by the remarks of Mr. Theodore Watts. The Americans reply in *Harper's Magazine*, and make out a very fair case for themselves. Mr. Watts, according to Mr. Curtis, 'denies that we have any literature.' If he does, Mr. Watts must keep before him an uncommonly high standard of what literature is. To another observer it might seem that the Americans have plenty of literature, from the very interesting lisplings of the earliest New England Muse to Miss Emily Dickinson, the poet who was *super grammaticam*, like the often quoted Emperor. Probably Mr. Curtis has stated Mr. Watts's ideas rather too absolutely. Mr. Watts may mean that America has no great literature, no native Shakespeare, nor Milton, nor Shelley, but it can hardly be supposed that he means more. Mr. Curtis also proves, and it is a pleasing circumstance, that, whatever we may think of American authors, their lives have been highly respectable. 'The eccentricities of genius, the recklessness of Grub Street, the lawlessness of Bohemia, * * * all these are unknown in the story of those who are the pride of American letters.' It would be cruel to remind Mr. Curtis that, before we have the 'eccentricities of genius,' we must have genius itself. That line may be left to Mr. Theodore Watts—if, indeed, he is on the war-path. He may, if he pleases, say 'Yes; you have no divagations with whisky and the lasses, oh; but where is your Burns? You have no terrible poetic scandals; but where is your Byron, and whom do you regard, at present, as the American Shelley?' Mr. Watts, no doubt, can take care of himself.

But even a critic who has no point to defend will reply to Mr. Curtis, 'If you have none of the lawlessness of Bohemia, where do you place Poe?' Probably not among 'those who are the pride of American letters.' He certainly was not in private life a person to be proud of, but, as an author, he might pardonably excite a

certain national complacency. Yet, on the whole, American authors have been highly respectable men. Thoreau was a little odd, and N. P. Willis had his foibles, but Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Lowell, only to mention the dead, were as remarkable as Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey for all the public and private virtues. 'They have deprived genius of its plea of self-indulgence, and civic sloth and indifference of a coveted example.' This remark is as true about Americans as about many English writers of distinction. But none of those men on either side of the sea were Byrons or Burnses, and 'it takes all sorts to make a world.' American literary genius has been well paid and well fed. It has never, except in the one exemplary case of Poe, run at all wild. Possibly, while society and morals gain, literature loses a little by this regularity. But we do hope that no young American men of genius will make this a reason for devotion to the flagon, or undisciplined attentions to 'The American Girl' or matron.

As to Mr. Howells, he is exercised by English reflections on the want of a national tone in American literature. This is not a cry with which we need sympathize. If a literature is good we really need ask no more of it; excellence suffices. Besides, as Mr. Howells remarks with really astonishing frankness, 'for all æsthetic purposes the American people is not a nation, but a condition.' The nail, the very obvious nail, was never more firmly knocked on the head. The Americans are English, 'not essentially changed * * * and not very different from the English at home, except in their political environment and the vastness of the scale of their development.' Exactly; the man stammered more in New York than in Baltimore, 'Because it is a bigger place.' But he did not on that account alter his ideas, nor, if he were a literary gentleman, his 'copy.' America is 'a bigger place' than England, there are more people in it, there are plenty of aliens, and there are bears and racoons. But the trout and salmon are the same, and so, essentially, is the literature. Why should it be different?

What do people want the Americans to do? They cannot all be Walt Whitmans, a circumstance which we would be the very last to regret. One vast Walt is enough for a century: some of the Muses, like the unfeeling husband of Mrs. Harris, may even regret this child as 'one too many.' Mr. Whitman seems to have exhausted the resources of formlessness, says Mr. Howells—a Daniel come to judgment and saying delightfully the opposite of what we had anticipated. 'It is our misfortune rather than our fault,' says Mr. Howells, 'to have arrived when all the literary forms were invented.' But in that misfortune we are all alike partakers. A small but not undistinguished race of men, in a corner of the Levant, invented all literary forms long ago, long before Albion had heard an English word. Epic, lyric, drama, tragedy, comedy, drawing-room play even (as witness Herondas), fable, idyll, pastoral, novel were all invented by the Greeks. If Quintilian or Longinus could live again, he might say to all of us moderns, 'Why have you not a national literature?' that is if, before having a national literature, you must invent new literary forms.

Current Criticism

LITERARY MEN AS KINGS.—Somebody, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, I think, has written a story about 'The Reporter Who Made Himself King.' Now rumor comes across the seas that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is to have some such honor conferred upon him in the far-off isles where he has made his home. What a joke it is to think of making a king of a literary man—even better than the odd trick played once or twice by nature in making a literary man of a king. With all due admiration for Mr. Stevenson's genius, I think his South Sea Islanders are making a mistake. A ruler, especially an absolute monarch, does not want to be a person of too much imagination. Set the clever fictionist at work in the less plastic material of real lives instead of imaginary ones, and the more daring his talent the more will his subjects have to fear. It may not require such a high order of genius to keep humanity in a state of effective organization as to keep it merely amused, but I doubt whether the two capacities are often lodged in the same brain. Perhaps, if Mr. Stevenson makes a fairly acceptable and successful monarch, more civilized countries may be fired with emulation, and the populace demand that they, too, be ruled by real live geniuses.—*Kate Field's Washington*.

'THE DAY OF THE CLEVER WOMAN.'—No one has yet been able to prove that women who do battle in the intellectual, professional and business arena with men may not make as good domestic queens as those who know nothing of writing, of medicine, of the law or of single and double entry. But there is little cause to fear that the fireside may be robbed of its self-satisfied little mother or the uncomplaining drudges, because certain of the fair

sex are daily winning happiness, money and applause away from the limitations of the home. While there are still men who resent what they please to call the encroachments of women, and while there are self-important posers who regard it as a double humiliation to be put down by a woman's cleverness, there is a growing sentiment in favor of the woman who accomplishes things. The quick, intuitive knowledge of women will in the course of time make them the most useful counsellors in many affairs of business and professional life. It took a long time to convince the world that the emptiest thing in life is ceremonial society, but it is beginning to appreciate that fact now. While many must perforce keep up the appearances of formal social intercourse, those who are slaves to it have little happiness compared with her who has few personal responsibilities, who feels that she is doing something for herself and for those who are most concerned about her. Time was when men interested themselves in the beauty, the wealth and the disposition of woman. Now they are apt to inquire what she has accomplished and in what she finds most pleasure. The young woman who simply wants a husband is too easily satisfied, and far-seeing men know it.—*The Kansas City Times*.

A LONDON JUDGMENT OF DR. HOLMES.—The collected edition of Dr. Holmes's writings, pleasantly printed at the Riverside Press, and issued here with the imprint of Messrs. Sampson Low, will be welcomed by a large and sympathetic public. Dr. Holmes is a *causeur* who has sat out more than one generation, and we of to-day have by no means tired of his chat. An urbane, good-tempered old gentleman he has always been, with all the pleasant qualities of interesting elderly people who talk. 'Writing or printing,' he tells us in the 'Autocrat,' 'is like shooting with a rifle: you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it; but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine—if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it.' Dr. Holmes has talked in print for more than thirty years; he has aimed at a mark which has been quite within reach, and, having had plenty of time, he has certainly hit it. * * * Poetically inclined Dr. Holmes has always been, and by no means without a certain accomplishment of verse, but with him metrical writing has been a sort of accident. It is significant that in one of his latest books we find him saying:—

I find the burden and restrictions of rhyme more and more troublesome as I grow older. There are times when it seems natural enough to employ that form of expression, but it is only occasionally; and the use of it as the vehicle of the commonplace is so prevalent that one is not much tempted to select it as the medium for his thoughts and emotions.

That, with all its truth, could hardly have been written by a poet. * * * His is the art of suggestion, and his special kind of humor is a roundabout, allusive variety, a delicate intellectual humor, which has nothing in common with that vivid and explosive vulgarity which is the typical American product. Sometimes trivial and a little thin-spread, it has none of the obtrusive virtues or vices. It is the humor of the clever and amiable old physician, smiling sympathetically over the illusions that he respects.—*The Athenaeum*.

LITERARY MORALS.—The world at large is directly interested in the conduct of literary persons. But it has usually had the discretion to shirk its responsibility. Throughout the unnumbered ages which knew not the Authors' Society, the writ of respectability would not run in Grub Street, and the growth of the literary conscience was imperceptible. In the laxity of ancient writers, of course, there is nothing singular. We are not concerned, nowadays, to defend the early Christians. To the controversialist of the second century the only falsehoods which seemed criminal were those of his opponents. But sixteen hundred years afterwards Lauder, being assailed for having backed his calumnies of Milton by interpolations in the 'Paradise Lost,' appealed to the indulgence of his fellow-penmen. The public, he observed, had inveighed against him 'as virulently as if the consequences of his fraud had been pernicious to society': whereas it was evidently no affair of society's at all. Macpherson, complains Allan Cunningham—(himself an amateur in supposititious verse)—could not have been condemned with more bitterness by outsiders had he made a raid across the Border to lift his neighbor's cattle, 'instead of merely forging a Celtic poem.' Macpherson himself died unconvinced of error. Literature in the eighteenth century, in short, was obstinately immoral. In some spasmodic fashion public opinion made itself felt. The first sign of progress in such matters is—lynch law. After a period of general indulgence, in which crime has been allowed to flourish behind the hedges of class feeling, a sudden rigor of virtue attacks the community. Honest or well-instructed persons insist on enforcing their views. * * * But,

however capricious their treatment may be, we can afford no compassion for literary impostors—speakers of lies in hypocrisy having their consciences seared with a hot iron. Swift complains that, though a forgery which might prejudice another's fortune was punished with the loss of ears, the laws had no terrors for him that published a supposititious book, 'and filled the world with follies and impostures.' Books are the legacies that genius leaves to mankind. If whoso will may confound our inheritance with his own base coinage, the legacy becomes of doubtful value.—*The National Observer*.

Notes

MITCHELL'S, 830 Broadway, invites the book-lovers of America to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of the famous Spencer library *en bloc*, 'the books to be brought to New York and put up for auction, either among the members of the syndicate or to the public.'

—'Mornings with the Cardinal,' a little book lately published by Miss Honor Brooke, eldest daughter of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, gives an account of several conversations with Cardinal Manning.

—There has been little or no change in Mr. George William Curtis's condition for some time. In spite of the severe strain, Mr. Curtis's general health is not much affected, and he is comfortable most of the time between the severe attacks of pain from which he suffers.

—The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, who was stricken with paralysis at Mohonk Lake, N. Y., on Friday, July 15, is steadily improving.

—Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman asks us to say that he is not, and never was, a member of the American Association of Authors, of which Mr. Todd is Secretary.

—Dr. W. J. Rolfe of Cambridge, editor of *The Critic's* department of Shakespeariana, will sail from Boston for England on the 30th inst. He has been invited to repeat his visit of last year to Lord Tennyson at Aldworth, and will probably do so next month.

—Duprat & Co. will publish in the fall 'Romeo and Juliet,' with illustrations by Jacques Wagrez and a preface by Richard Henry Stoddard. The edition is limited, and similar in size and type to the same firm's 'Antony and Cleopatra,' illustrated by Paul Avril, with a preface by Dr. Rolfe.

—Mr. Sidney Dillon's paper for *Scribner's* Historic Moments Series was revised only a few weeks before his death. It describes the 'Driving of the Last Spike of the Union Pacific.'

—The next *Century*, the Midsummer Holiday number, will contain poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, Celia Thaxter, R. W. Gilder and others. Mr. Stedman's poem, 'A Sea Change,' has been illustrated by Will H. Low.

—Mr. Oswald Weber, Jr., who advertised in *The Critic* for back numbers of the paper, desires to thank the unknown subscriber who sent him copies of the issues of Dec. 15 and 22, 1883.

—*The Athenaeum* pats Mr. Richard Harding Davis on the back with one hand, while with the other—or rather with one foot—it administers a gentle kick to his countrymen. 'Now that we are being deluged with so much bad writing from America, it is a pleasure to be able to give praise to Mr. Davis's English style, which is pure and forcible throughout.' Its praise of Wolcott Balestier's little book, 'The Average Woman,' is less hearty. 'Of the three stories belonging to the present volume, "Reffey" seems to be the most able, the best in conception as well as in execution. There is more real individuality; from beginning to end the touch is more sustained, as well as more forcible. Yet in treatment and in motive too there is something that sounds not unlike an echo, powerful enough, of Bret Harte.'

—In his introduction to the recently issued volume of short stories by the late Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Henry James says that his lamented friend loved literature better than anything but his friends, and he had found opportunity to testify to this in a career as eagerly active as it was short. He left behind him an unpublished novel, three very short tales, 'and the vivid mark of his collaboration with Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the "Naulahka." As a man of business, Mr. James speaks of his 'acute and sympathetic interest in the fruits of literary labor,' which 'became, by the time he had been six months in London, a very remarkable and singularly interesting passion; a passion which, for those who had the advantage of seeing it in exercise, quickly assumed all the authority of genius.'

—Keppler & Schwarzmann will issue this year 300 copies, to be sold by subscription only, of 'Cartoons from Puck (1877-92),' by Joseph Keppler. H. C. Bunner will provide explanatory and his-

torical notes. The same firm will publish in book form Mr. Bunner's 'The Runaway Browns,' now appearing weekly in *Punch*.

—Miss Seawell, writes J. J. B., 'says in the last *Critic*:—"No woman has ever done immortal work, since the immortal work can't be produced in evidence." Why does she deny immortality to the "Song of Deborah"?'

—Miss Seawell says that Mrs. Greene, the General's widow, "married Eli Whitney," writes F. M. B. 'O no! The usual reading is that she married the tutor who came after him. Eli did not marry till late in life.'

—The first free library in a native state in India was recently opened at Baroda, where the brother of the Maharaja Gaikwar, Shrimant Sampatrao Gaikwad, has founded a free library, which he has named the Shri Sayaji, in honor of the present ruler. A large hall in the old palace of Sakarvada has been assigned for the present purposes of the library, which consists of 10,000 volumes purchased by Shrimant Sampatrao at a cost of one lakh of rupees, or about 7000*l*. Of the works, 7000 are in English, and the remainder are in Marathi, Guzerati and Sanskrit.

—'It is not generally known,' says *The Bookman*, 'that Mr. Haskett Smith, the author of "For God and Humanity," is the first English tax-gatherer or publican in Palestine.'

He was Laurence Oliphant's great helper in his work amongst the Druses on Mount Carmel, and is now his successor there. In his work he was greatly hindered by the tax-gatherers, who ground down the people till they were in a state of semi-starvation. Mr. Haskett Smith, therefore, bought the post of tax-gatherer—it is put up to auction by the Government—and has thus been able to improve materially the condition of the Druses. He has written some valuable articles in *Blackwood* to prove that these Druses are none other than the founders of Freemasonry.

—'On Canada's Frontier,' by Julian Ralph, will soon be issued by Harper & Bros.

—The August *Scribner's*, the annual Fiction Number, contains seven complete short stories, four of which are illustrated. Among the writers we note the names of H. C. Bunner, T. R. Sullivan, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Octave Thanet and Duncan Campbell Scott.

—Messrs. Sotheby were to sell on July 15 several proof-sheets of Wordsworth's poems, including some of 'The Excursion.' In some of them are important alterations in the poet's autograph.

—Mr. John Mac Gregor, lawyer and writer, whose death is announced from London, was born on Jan. 24, 1825; won honors at Trinity College, Dublin, and Trinity College, Cambridge; began to write and sketch for *Punch* in 1845; and wrote several accounts of canoe voyages besides 'A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe,' which has passed through many an edition and made its author famous.

—Pendennis' goes out of copyright in England this year.

—Mr. Whittaker issues this week Canon Cheyne's 'Aids to the Devout Study of Criticism,' and 'The Indwelling Christ,' being sermons by the late Rev. Henry Allon of Islington, who died a few days after the proofs were read.

—A complete library edition of Miss Wilkins's stories is on the eve of publication in England.

—The seventy sixth annual report of the American Bible Society shows that the cash receipts for general purposes for the year ending March 31 were \$556,527.29. In addition to this the sum of \$5,165 was received for permanent investment. The total cash disbursements for general purposes were \$593,588.31, being \$7,061.02 in excess of the receipts. The total issues were 1,298,196 copies. Of these, 936,578 were issued from the Bible House and 361,618 in foreign lands. The total number of volumes issued by the Society in the seventy-six years of its existence is 55,531,908. The cost of foreign work in the last ten years has been \$1,493,892.91.

—John Oliver Hobbes, 'whose most recent book, "A Sinner's Comedy," has caused something of a sensation in the fashionable circles of London,' is the pen-name used by Mrs. Craige, who is well-known in that city, and who is, by the way, an American.

—The house where Longfellow was born, corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, Portland, has been bought by Mr. John Musgrave, who is tearing out and remodelling the interior. 'He is having quite a time looking after the relic hunters, and one day a citizen, who wanted something to remind him of the birthplace of the poet, was overhauled on Middle Street with a mantelpiece in his arms.'

—The Great Educators Series, which is edited by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College, and for which he is to

write the volume on Horace Mann, is to be published in London by Heinemann.

—Sir Richard Wallace is announced in the English papers as the author of 'An Englishman in Paris,' the two volumes of exceedingly interesting reminiscences just issued here by Appleton & Co. They relate to life in Paris during the reigns of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, and in the Commune. Society, art and letters are dealt with, as well as politics.

—What has become of 'Looking Backward'?

—'J. B.' writes to the *Times* that he has received a letter from Mrs. Robert Burns Hutchinson of Chicago, in which she refers to the death of her only child. She is in destitute circumstances, and her husband is dying in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. The writer appeals to lovers of literature in behalf of the great-grandson of the great Scottish poet and his hapless wife.

—A law having been passed providing for the celebration in this city of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, the Art Committee of the Committee of One Hundred appointed by Mayor Grant to conduct the celebration is advertising for designs for a medal to be struck in memory of the occasion, designs for the decoration of the City Hall and designs for arches to be erected at conspicuous points in the city. The competitors must be residents of New York City. The Committee on Musical and other Entertainments advertise for two grand marches, one (by a man) for the parade on Oct. 12, 1892; the other (by a woman) for the pageant in the evening of the same day. For further particulars artists and musicians should address Mr. Charles G. F. Wahle, Jr., Secretary, Room 115, No. 280 Broadway.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1666.—'I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it; for I shall not pass this way again.' I should like to ascertain the paternity of the above motto. Several clergymen, in whose published sermons I have found it, inform me that it is a literary waif which they have picked up, and they have no further knowledge concerning it. I have seen it so often quoted, that I am quite curious about it.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

X.

1667.—Who said:—"After all, the consciousness that she is well dressed will give a peace of mind to a woman that religion can never afford."

PHILADELPHIA.

J. D. M.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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| Barrows, S. J. Evolution of the Afro-American. 10c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Cameron, Mrs. H. L. A Daughter's Heart. 50c. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Castle, E. La Bella. \$1. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Chiarini, G. Le Fonti del Mercante di Venezia. | Rome: Tipografia della Camera dei Deputati. |
| Coles, J. A. Abraham Coles. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Coppens, C. Logic and Mental Philosophy. | Catholic Pub. Society Co. |
| Cornell University: Exercises at the Opening of the Library Building. | Ithaca, N. Y.: Pub. by the University. |
| Curtis, M. M. Philosophy and Physical Science. | Cleveland, O.: Adelbert College. |
| Dorland, W. A. N. A Cluster of Pearls. 75c. | Boston: D. Lothrop Co. |
| Englishman in Paris, An. 2 vols. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Fleming, S. Appeal to the Canadian Institute. | Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. |
| Garland, H. A Little Norak. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Germany. | Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold. |
| Hakes, H. Discovery of America. 50c. | Wilkesbarre, Pa. |
| Hall, H. Ethan Allen. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Harrison, J. L. The Great Bore. | North Adams, Mass. |
| Huxley, T. H. Essays upon Some Controverted Questions. \$2. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Italy. | Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold. |
| MacDonald, G. The Hope of the Gospel. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| MacFarlane, A. Principles of the Algebra of Physics. | Austin, Texas. |
| Markham, C. R. History of Peru. \$2.50. | Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. |
| Memorial to Congress on the Subject of a Comprehensive Exhibit of Roads. | Am. Book Co. |
| Milne, W. J. High School Algebra. \$1. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Pilcher, J. E. First Aid in Illness and Injury. | Worthington Co. |
| Schubert, O. The Hand of Destiny. Tr. by M. A. Robinson. 50c. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Schultz, J. Jean de Kerdren. | Robert Bonner's Sons. |
| Van Dwell, J. Dear Alsie. Tr. by M. J. Safford. 50c. | Am. Book Co. |
| Vergil's Æneid. By W. R. Harper and F. Miller. \$1.25. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
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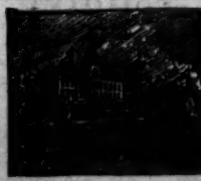
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elling agent, to the extent of four persons, each name
to appear on the ticket.

Tickets to be handed the conductor on each pas-
sage, who will detach coupons for the number of miles
travelled by those using it on that trip.

No single passage will be granted for less than four
miles on the 500 mile tickets, or five miles on the
1,000 mile tickets.

Not transferable, and will be received for passage
only when presented by one of the persons named on
the ticket, and will be forfeited if presented by any
other person.

They entitle the purchaser to stop only at stations
which by the time card are designated as regular
stopping places of the train on which it is presented,
and entitle the holder to carry only personal bag-
gage, not including express matter.

The signature of the purchaser, for himself, or any
other names on the ticket, will be required accepting
these conditions.

Orders for Mileage Tickets should be sent to G. C.
APPLETON, Ticket Agent, St. Alban's, Vt., or J.
G. WESTBROOK, Agent, Ogdensburg, N. Y., ac-
companied by the money to pay for the same.

S. W. CUMMINGS,

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